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know what to do or say!" On Easter Sunday she attended the children's service at the Mission Orphanage three miles out along the Kashgar road. I rode out to fetch her in the afternoon and we were both shown over the establishment. We were immensely struck by the Orphanage, the acquaintance of whose small inmates we had already made at the Bar Gah the previous November. The children numbered thirty-five and ranged in age from ten months to fourteen or fifteen years, and all were happy as sand-boys, apple-cheeked little people, many of them, who might have been, so far as appearances were concerned, English or Scottish children of the same class. The institution, which is situated on an estate appropriately named "Bihisht Bagh" or "Garden of Paradise," included in addition to the usual playgrounds a fair-sized plot of land which the orphans helped to cultivate. Less than half the children were orphans in the ordinary sense, without either father or mother living; the rest were victims of the unfortunate temporary marriage system prevalent throughout Kashgaria—honorary orphans, as it were. Trouble was occasionally experienced from relations who, having kept in the background in the earlier stages, claimed children when the Orphanage had turned them into well-fed, well-behaved potential wage-earners. On the whole, however, the Orphanage was the most respected of all the works of the Swedish Mission, both among the Chinese and among the Turkis, whose religion taught them to regard kindness to an orphan as a *sawab* or merit-acquiring action of the highest order.

While at Yarkand I seized the opportunity of having my teeth seen to by Dr. Nyström of the Mission, who is an experienced dentist. His services are very much in request throughout Kashgaria, for he has an absolute monopoly of Western dental skill. High Chinese officials at Kashgar were always asking me when he would next come to the capital. He did visit Kashgar in January 1923 on Mission duty, when in response to the universal request he took his dental chair and appliances with him and spent a busy fortnight fitting toothless mandarins with dentures. From what Dr. Nyström told me and I heard from other sources I can confidently assert that any enterprising dentist who found his way to Sinkiang with a few instruments and a couple of camel-loads of false teeth would make a small fortune; moreover, he would have experiences with his clients seldom vouchsafed to practitioners in more sophisticated lands. Dr. Nyström once told me of a

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wealthy old landowner of Yangi Hissar district who wrote to him asking for a set of teeth, to be sent by post. The exact wording of the following extracts from correspondence is not vouched for, but the facts are as related to me.

Letter from Ibrahim Beg Haji of Yangi Hissar to Dr. Nyström, Yarkand.

(After usual compliments). . . . May it be known to Your Excellency that from many years of chewing the stale bread of adversity and gnawing the hard bone of poverty the teeth which Allah bestowed on this slave have been worn away, until but one remains. Being well aware of Your Excellency's Galen-surpassing erudition and surgical skill, I pray you to send me by the hand of my messenger a set of teeth such as the Franks use, only they must be teeth that have come from no infidel jaw nor bitten the flesh of any unclean animal. . . .

Dr. N. to Ibrahim Beg Haji.

I have received your letter. Be it known to you that it is not possible for me to fit you with a set of artificial teeth without first seeing and measuring your mouth. Please therefore come to Yarkand and I will be at your service.

Ibrahim Beg Haji to Dr. N.

(After compliments and thanks). . . . I bitterly regret that the multifarious duties and family ties of this slave render a visit to Yarkand impossible. However, I know well that it is only the friendship with which you deign to favour me and the desire you feel for my unworthy company that impel you to invite me to Yarkand in person. I therefore send this by the hand of an aged retainer, Ishak Bai. My mouth resembles his, except that he has no teeth at all whereas my upper dog-tooth on the left side remains. Please make the teeth to fit his mouth, but leaving space for the above-mentioned dog-tooth, and send them to me without delay so that I may once more eat the flesh of sheep and goats to the glory of Allah and in thankfulness for your more-than-Hippocratic learning.

Dr. N. to Ibrahim Beg Haji.

. . . I regret that I cannot comply with your wishes. It would be useless to make the teeth fit Ishak Bai and not you. . . .

The correspondence ceased, but when shortly afterwards Dr. N. went to Kashgar, with his dental chair and instruments, he arranged to stay for a few days at Yangi Hissar on the way, chiefly for the benefit of old Ibrahim Beg Haji. When the Haji appeared and was duly seated on the torture-chair, the following dialogue (or something like it) took place :—

Dr. N. (finding a single very decayed and loose tooth remaining in his client's mouth) : This tooth must come out.

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I. B. H.: Impossible. My last tooth! I cannot part with it.

Dr. N.: But you must. I cannot fit the set with one of your own teeth, and that a loose and decayed one, still in position.

I. B. H.: Surely you can make them with a gap into which my one can fit?

Dr. N.: I fear I cannot. You must let me take it out.

I. B. H.: It is the will of Allah. Allow me to take my leave. Farewell.

And that was the last that the Doctor saw of Ibrahim Beg Haji!

My work at Yarkand done, it was too late to turn our steps northwards again and continue the tour we had originally planned. April proved a much hotter month than we had expected, and we feared the notorious gadflies and mosquitoes of the Maralbashi jungles, which before the end of the month would be ravening for our blood and that of our animals. Moreover, about this time it became known to me that I would have further opportunities for the Aqsu tour, the Government of India having decided, for reasons into which it is unnecessary to enter, to keep me two years at Kashgar instead of the one for which I had originally been appointed.

It seemed a pity, however, to return to headquarters so soon by the comparatively dull main road which we had traversed only three months before, and in view of the heat I decided to make the experiment of a fortnight's détour among the high mountains. The opportunity appeared a favourable one for attempting the passage of the Qaratash Gorges which had baffled us the previous October; the summer floods were not to be expected until about the twentieth of April, while there was a reasonable prospect of the snow on the high passes which give access to the upper Qaratash having melted sufficiently to allow us to cross. Once in the upper Qaratash I hoped to find the weather clear enough and the water sufficiently low to permit a reconnaissance of the Chimghan Jilgha, which joins the main valley from the west just above the great gorges. This route would also take us across a region known as the Qizil Tagh (Red Mountains) to the west of the Yarkand oasis, which I was anxious to explore. Though the Red Mountains contain alpine pastures and some small patches of fir-forest, and are easily accessible both from Yarkand and from Yangi Hissar, they have only, so far as I know, been visited by Sir Aurel Stein, Col. Shuttleworth and some missionaries from Yarkand who established a summer camp among

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and priced, and the face towels selected, with a good deal of advice from the crowd, well-mannered bargaining began. Our basic offer was about half of the price written on the tag attached to the goods. The courteous merchant then smiled and indicated a notice hanging outside his shop : ' No prices discussed here,' to which the Greek chorus again echoed : ' He does not discuss the prices ! ' We affably acquiesced, but assured him that our money was insufficient for such an expensive outlay. With a wave of the hand, he met us half-way, saying : ' You are guests from a far country. Have a little more tea ! ' thus subtly indicating that the bargain was concluded. A chit was produced by one of the apprentices, and another began to rub down the ink on his slab, being careful in our presence to observe the Confucian dictum that when the ' Princely Man ' rubs down his ink, no sound is ever heard. While he was thus occupied in preparing the materials necessary to write out the account, we rapidly noted the amount in pencil on paper, and waited to see if his tallied. ' Did you see that ? ' said a man at our elbow. ' You'll find that they are right, too Reading, writing and arithmetic are all quite easy to them ! ' We rose to leave, but as we did so we handed a packet of Christian books to the merchant, which he accepted with evident pleasure, then with sharp orders he dispersed the assistants and escorted us to our carriage.

Early one morning the landlord appeared at our door in a state of great agitation. A young woman, married to a relative of his, had poisoned herself with strychnine, and they urged us to go and make an attempt to save her life. ' Our own remedy,' he said, ' is mare's milk, and her husband is scouring the city to get some.' We were taken to the house where a young woman lay on